

SECOND CHAPTER of "I'LL TELL THE WORLD"

The Romance and Thrills of Newsgathering for the United Press

A Novelization of Universal's Screenplay of the Same Name

Written by Lincoln Quarberg and Frank Wead. Adapted by Dale Van Every and Ralph Spence.

SECOND INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: Brown, staff correspondent of the United Press, world-wide news-gathering association, has been sent by airplane to get the story of the perils encountered by naval officers in a dirigible which has been disabled in a storm. He has left a "date" to take the assignment. In the naval dirigible is Brown's arch-rival, Briggs, of the Confederate Press, who has the tale of the tragedy well in hand. Brown and his pilot have been flying through a storm into Northern Canada, where the dirigible is expected to land.

As Stanley Brown, frozen to the bone, wrapped in an inadequate blanket, still in dinner clothes, wondered what the outcome of his strange adventure would be, the pilot fought to keep the small cabin monoplane on a reasonably even keel. The ship rocked and bumped and pounded northward over Canada.

Through the storm, Brown spent miserably hours trying to figure out where he was and where the drifting dirigible was headed. He was wondering if Frank Hardwick, had sent him on either a useless or a fatal assignment, when the pilot turned around in his seat and motioned forward. Brown looked out the window to see a small log building in front of which was a flat, cleared space. The pilot asked him if he wanted to land.

"I say!" he managed to declare through chattering teeth. The pilot banked, eased back on his throttle and made a precarious landing. Brown dragged his cramped body from the ship the moment it landed. He ploughed through the snow to the log cabin, almost broke down the door to get inside. He discovered, on entering, that the place was a fur coat and store. He found a grizzled, aged trapper seated in front of a cheering, roaring fire with his back to him.

"Who's there?" asked the trapper, without looking around. "Well, it isn't a Frigidaire salesman!" snapped Brown, slapping his hands and looking over the combination living room and store, lined with equipment for hunting, snowshoes, canned foods, clothing and a thousand knickknacks. "Where's everybody?"

"Come 't' fetch th' balloon, I'd a gone, too, if my feet weren't froze. It came down at Loon Lake, 'bout 40 miles away."

Brown's features screwed into a wide grin of self-congratulation and satisfaction. "The old Brown luck!" he exclaimed. "When'll they get back?" "Due any minute," was the reply. "Say—you look like a penguin in them funny clothes."

Brown ignored the remark. The pilot entered, warmed his hands before the fire.

"How long will it take you to get Montreal on the radio?" Brown asked him.

"Two minutes," he replied, "when my fingers thaw out."

Brown went to the pilot's side. The pilot sat down. Brown scrawled a note on a paper message pad sewed to the thigh of the pilot's flying suit. It read: "UNITED PRESS, MONTREAL. DIRIGIBLE DOWN FORTY MILES NORTH OF LOON LAKE AT LOON RIVER. RESCUE EXPEDITION ON WAY FROM HERE. BROWN."

He gave it to the pilot with instructions to send it immediately, then made a bed of two chairs. Assured by the trapper that the rescue party must return to the post, as there was no place else to go, he went to sleep, a benign smile on his tired features.

He was awakened a short time later, by a station call which the radio picked up. The pilot had by this time moved the portable set inside the fur post. Brown watched him take the message. It was: "MONTREAL — DIRIGIBLE YEAR'S BIGGEST STORY. TELL BROWN. MUST COVER EVERY DEVELOPMENT. DON'T UNDERSTAND NO WORD LAST THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES — HARDWICK."

Brown was irritated by having his nap disturbed. "Get this: Hardwick — Newsgathering is my life. I wish you were here. Sign my name."

He tried to sleep again, but before he dozed off the barking of dogs disturbed him, causing him to ask the trapper: "Can't you make those mutts pipe down?"

"That's the gang comin' back from th' balloon," was the non-committal reply.

"Oh!" Brown was on his feet, tense and alert. He turned to the pilot.

"Tell Montreal to stand by for a flash!" he ordered. "A few minutes later the rescue party and the rescued arrived, stamped into the post. Most of the men were fur-wrapped trappers and Indians. Three, however, unwound themselves from blankets and discolored Naval uniforms. The fourth of the rescued, in civilian clothes, was Briggs.

He was tall, a few inches above medium height, with black, curly hair and sparkling eyes. He was handsome, even with his hair matted, his clothing soiled, and his face lined with fatigue. Like Brown, he was lean, and had a wild, almost fanatical expression on his face. He was thoroughly engrossed with the thought that he must get his story to the Confederate Press, rival organization of the United Press. So worried was he that he didn't see Brown or even his surroundings. He turned to one of the trappers.

"I gotta get going!" he snapped. "This is a whale of a yarn. I've gotta get to a telegraph office. I want the best dog team you have!"

"Sorry," said the man. "The dogs're all tired."

"I've gotta have 'em," he fumed. "Hundreds of newspapers are waiting for this story!"

Brown stepped forward and faced him.

"It won't have to wait!" he said, calmly.

Briggs gasped.

"Brown! What're you doing here?"

"Just covering the story of your balloon ascension. Shall we have tea?"

"Montreal is ready!" cut in the pilot.

"What're you going to do?" asked Briggs, apprehensive as he saw the radio set.

"Simple. Listen!" He turned to the pilot. "Flash! Loon Lake, Canada. Dirigible down. All hands safe!"

Briggs gasped again.

"Well, I'll be doggone!" he exclaimed.

Brown sent his story while Briggs stormed, caajoed, threatened. The New York offices of the United Press got the flash, relaying it to newspapers in Chicago, Los Angeles, London, Cairo, Hong Kong and hundreds of other cities throughout the world. Brown then decided to add insult to injury by dictating to the pilot: "The Naval files were none the worse for their adventure but their passenger, William S. Briggs, newspaperman, seemed to be under great mental stress. In fact, he showed signs of going nuts—I mean insane. Briggs, before his collapse, will be remembered as the pilot. 'Here follows Lieutenant-Commander Anderson's official report of the disaster—'

Briggs, at last goaded beyond reason, jumped forward.

"So you think you're going to work in the official story?"

Brown warned him back. He said, easily: "Skip it, Briggs. We'll get around to you."

Briggs blew up.

"I've taken a long time to get to you."

He tipped over a chair, lunged at the radio transmitter, grabbed a handful of wires and jerked them out of the set. The pilot and two officers grabbed him, but too late. The damage had been done.

Brown rose, smiled, shook his finger at Briggs.

"What a temper!" he exclaimed. "And now you won't be able to use it. My, oh my! Tat, and two more tuts!"

Then he played his trump ace. "Mr. Anderson," he said, "there's room for just one more in my plane. You can ride back with me. It'll take an hour or two. We can relay your report from there."

"Oh, thank you!" Anderson said, gratefully.

Brown turned to Briggs.

"Well, son," he said, "you ought to be glad."

Briggs glared after him, inarticulate with rage.

(To Be Continued)

Briggs gasped again.

"Well, I'll be doggone!" he exclaimed.

Brown sent his story while Briggs stormed, caajoed, threatened. The New York offices of the United Press got the flash, relaying it to newspapers in Chicago, Los Angeles, London, Cairo, Hong Kong and hundreds of other cities throughout the world. Brown then decided to add insult to injury by dictating to the pilot: "The Naval files were none the worse for their adventure but their passenger, William S. Briggs, newspaperman, seemed to be under great mental stress. In fact, he showed signs of going nuts—I mean insane. Briggs, before his collapse, will be remembered as the pilot. 'Here follows Lieutenant-Commander Anderson's official report of the disaster—'

Briggs, at last goaded beyond reason, jumped forward.

"So you think you're going to work in the official story?"

Brown warned him back. He said, easily: "Skip it, Briggs. We'll get around to you."

Briggs blew up.

"I've taken a long time to get to you."

He tipped over a chair, lunged at the radio transmitter, grabbed a handful of wires and jerked them out of the set. The pilot and two officers grabbed him, but too late. The damage had been done.

Brown rose, smiled, shook his finger at Briggs.

"What a temper!" he exclaimed. "And now you won't be able to use it. My, oh my! Tat, and two more tuts!"

Then he played his trump ace. "Mr. Anderson," he said, "there's room for just one more in my plane. You can ride back with me. It'll take an hour or two. We can relay your report from there."

"Oh, thank you!" Anderson said, gratefully.

Brown turned to Briggs.

"Well, son," he said, "you ought to be glad."

Briggs glared after him, inarticulate with rage.

(To Be Continued)

Briggs gasped again.

"Well, I'll be doggone!" he exclaimed.

Brown sent his story while Briggs stormed, caajoed, threatened. The New York offices of the United Press got the flash, relaying it to newspapers in Chicago, Los Angeles, London, Cairo, Hong Kong and hundreds of other cities throughout the world. Brown then decided to add insult to injury by dictating to the pilot: "The Naval files were none the worse for their adventure but their passenger, William S. Briggs, newspaperman, seemed to be under great mental stress. In fact, he showed signs of going nuts—I mean insane. Briggs, before his collapse, will be remembered as the pilot. 'Here follows Lieutenant-Commander Anderson's official report of the disaster—'

Briggs, at last goaded beyond reason, jumped forward.

"So you think you're going to work in the official story?"

Brown warned him back. He said, easily: "Skip it, Briggs. We'll get around to you."

Briggs blew up.

"I've taken a long time to get to you."

He tipped over a chair, lunged at the radio transmitter, grabbed a handful of wires and jerked them out of the set. The pilot and two officers grabbed him, but too late. The damage had been done.

Brown rose, smiled, shook his finger at Briggs.

"What a temper!" he exclaimed. "And now you won't be able to use it. My, oh my! Tat, and two more tuts!"

Then he played his trump ace. "Mr. Anderson," he said, "there's room for just one more in my plane. You can ride back with me. It'll take an hour or two. We can relay your report from there."

"Oh, thank you!" Anderson said, gratefully.

Brown turned to Briggs.

"Well, son," he said, "you ought to be glad."

Briggs glared after him, inarticulate with rage.

(To Be Continued)

Briggs gasped again.

"Well, I'll be doggone!" he exclaimed.

Brown sent his story while Briggs stormed, caajoed, threatened. The New York offices of the United Press got the flash, relaying it to newspapers in Chicago, Los Angeles, London, Cairo, Hong Kong and hundreds of other cities throughout the world. Brown then decided to add insult to injury by dictating to the pilot: "The Naval files were none the worse for their adventure but their passenger, William S. Briggs, newspaperman, seemed to be under great mental stress. In fact, he showed signs of going nuts—I mean insane. Briggs, before his collapse, will be remembered as the pilot. 'Here follows Lieutenant-Commander Anderson's official report of the disaster—'

Briggs, at last goaded beyond reason, jumped forward.

"So you think you're going to work in the official story?"

Brown warned him back. He said, easily: "Skip it, Briggs. We'll get around to you."

Briggs blew up.

"I've taken a long time to get to you."

He tipped over a chair, lunged at the radio transmitter, grabbed a handful of wires and jerked them out of the set. The pilot and two officers grabbed him, but too late. The damage had been done.

Brown rose, smiled, shook his finger at Briggs.

"What a temper!" he exclaimed. "And now you won't be able to use it. My, oh my! Tat, and two more tuts!"

Then he played his trump ace. "Mr. Anderson," he said, "there's room for just one more in my plane. You can ride back with me. It'll take an hour or two. We can relay your report from there."

"Oh, thank you!" Anderson said, gratefully.

Brown turned to Briggs.

"Well, son," he said, "you ought to be glad."

Briggs glared after him, inarticulate with rage.

(To Be Continued)

Briggs gasped again.

"Well, I'll be doggone!" he exclaimed.

Brown sent his story while Briggs stormed, caajoed, threatened. The New York offices of the United Press got the flash, relaying it to newspapers in Chicago, Los Angeles, London, Cairo, Hong Kong and hundreds of other cities throughout the world. Brown then decided to add insult to injury by dictating to the pilot: "The Naval files were none the worse for their adventure but their passenger, William S. Briggs, newspaperman, seemed to be under great mental stress. In fact, he showed signs of going nuts—I mean insane. Briggs, before his collapse, will be remembered as the pilot. 'Here follows Lieutenant-Commander Anderson's official report of the disaster—'

Briggs, at last goaded beyond reason, jumped forward.

"So you think you're going to work in the official story?"

Brown warned him back. He said, easily: "Skip it, Briggs. We'll get around to you."

Briggs blew up.

"I've taken a long time to get to you."

He tipped over a chair, lunged at the radio transmitter, grabbed a handful of wires and jerked them out of the set. The pilot and two officers grabbed him, but too late. The damage had been done.

Brown rose, smiled, shook his finger at Briggs.

"What a temper!" he exclaimed. "And now you won't be able to use it. My, oh my! Tat, and two more tuts!"

Then he played his trump ace. "Mr. Anderson," he said, "there's room for just one more in my plane. You can ride back with me. It'll take an hour or two. We can relay your report from there."

"Oh, thank you!" Anderson said, gratefully.

Brown turned to Briggs.

"Well, son," he said, "you ought to be glad."

Briggs glared after him, inarticulate with rage.

(To Be Continued)

Briggs gasped again.

"Well, I'll be doggone!" he exclaimed.

Brown sent his story while Briggs stormed, caajoed, threatened. The New York offices of the United Press got the flash, relaying it to newspapers in Chicago, Los Angeles, London, Cairo, Hong Kong and hundreds of other cities throughout the world. Brown then decided to add insult to injury by dictating to the pilot: "The Naval files were none the worse for their adventure but their passenger, William S. Briggs, newspaperman, seemed to be under great mental stress. In fact, he showed signs of going nuts—I mean insane. Briggs, before his collapse, will be remembered as the pilot. 'Here follows Lieutenant-Commander Anderson's official report of the disaster—'

Briggs, at last goaded beyond reason, jumped forward.

"So you think you're going to work in the official story?"

Brown warned him back. He said, easily: "Skip it, Briggs. We'll get around to you."

Briggs blew up.

"I've taken a long time to get to you."

He tipped over a chair, lunged at the radio transmitter, grabbed a handful of wires and jerked them out of the set. The pilot and two officers grabbed him, but too late. The damage had been done.

Brown rose, smiled, shook his finger at Briggs.

"What a temper!" he exclaimed. "And now you won't be able to use it. My, oh my! Tat, and two more tuts!"

Then he played his trump ace. "Mr. Anderson," he said, "there's room for just one more in my plane. You can ride back with me. It'll take an hour or two. We can relay your report from there."

"Oh, thank you!" Anderson said, gratefully.

Brown turned to Briggs.

"Well, son," he said, "you ought to be glad."

Briggs glared after him, inarticulate with rage.

(To Be Continued)

Briggs gasped again.

"Well, I'll be doggone!" he exclaimed.

Brown sent his story while Briggs stormed, caajoed, threatened. The New York offices of the United Press got the flash, relaying it to newspapers in Chicago, Los Angeles, London, Cairo, Hong Kong and hundreds of other cities throughout the world. Brown then decided to add insult to injury by dictating to the pilot: "The Naval files were none the worse for their adventure but their passenger, William S. Briggs, newspaperman, seemed to be under great mental stress. In fact, he showed signs of going nuts—I mean insane. Briggs, before his collapse, will be remembered as the pilot. 'Here follows Lieutenant-Commander Anderson's official report of the disaster—'

Briggs, at last goaded beyond reason, jumped forward.

"So you think you're going to work in the official story?"

Brown warned him back. He said, easily: "Skip it, Briggs. We'll get around to you."

Briggs blew up.

"I've taken a long time to get to you."

He tipped over a chair, lunged at the radio transmitter, grabbed a handful of wires and jerked them out of the set. The pilot and two officers grabbed him, but too late. The damage had been done.

Brown rose, smiled, shook his finger at Briggs.

"What a temper!" he exclaimed. "And now you won't be able to use it. My, oh my! Tat, and two more tuts!"

Then he played his trump ace. "Mr. Anderson," he said, "there's room for just one more in my plane. You can ride back with me. It'll take an hour or two. We can relay your report from there."

"Oh, thank you!" Anderson said, gratefully.

Brown turned to Briggs.

"Well, son," he said, "you ought to be glad."

Briggs glared after him, inarticulate with rage.

(To Be Continued)

Briggs gasped again.

"Well, I'll be doggone!" he exclaimed.

Brown sent his story while Briggs stormed, caajoed, threatened. The New York offices of the United Press got the flash, relaying it to newspapers in Chicago, Los Angeles, London, Cairo, Hong Kong and hundreds of other cities throughout the world. Brown then decided to add insult to injury by dictating to the pilot: "The Naval files were none the worse for their adventure but their passenger, William S. Briggs, newspaperman, seemed to be under great mental stress. In fact, he showed signs of going nuts—I mean insane. Briggs, before his collapse, will be remembered as the pilot. 'Here follows Lieutenant-Commander Anderson's official report of the disaster—'

Briggs, at last goaded beyond reason, jumped forward.

"So you think you're going to work in the official story?"

Brown warned him back. He said, easily: "Skip it, Briggs. We'll get around to you."

Briggs blew up.

"I've taken a long time to get to you."

He tipped over a chair, lunged at the radio transmitter, grabbed a handful of wires and jerked them out of the set. The pilot and two officers grabbed him, but too late. The damage had been done.

Brown rose, smiled, shook his finger at Briggs.

"What a temper!" he exclaimed. "And now you won't be able to use it. My, oh my! Tat, and two more tuts!"

Then he played his trump ace. "Mr. Anderson," he said, "there's room for just one more in my plane. You can ride back with me. It'll take an hour or two. We can relay your report from there."

"Oh, thank you!" Anderson said, gratefully.

Brown turned to Briggs.

"Well, son," he said, "you ought to be glad."

Briggs glared after him, inarticulate with rage.

(To Be Continued)

Briggs gasped again.

"Well, I'll be doggone!" he exclaimed.

Brown sent his story while Briggs stormed, caajoed, threatened. The New York offices of the United Press got the flash, relaying it to newspapers in Chicago, Los Angeles, London, Cairo, Hong Kong and hundreds of other cities throughout the world. Brown then decided to add insult to injury by dictating to the pilot: "The Naval files were none the worse for their adventure but their passenger, William S. Briggs, newspaperman, seemed to be under great mental stress. In fact, he showed signs of going nuts—I mean insane. Briggs, before his collapse, will be remembered as the pilot. 'Here follows Lieutenant-Commander Anderson's official report of the disaster—'

Briggs, at last goaded beyond reason, jumped forward.

"So you think you're going to work in the official story?"

Brown warned him back. He said, easily: "Skip it, Briggs. We'll get around to you."

Briggs blew up.

"I've taken a long time to get to you."

He tipped over a chair, lunged at the radio transmitter, grabbed a handful of wires and jerked them out of the set. The pilot and two officers grabbed him, but too late. The damage had been done.

Brown rose, smiled, shook his finger at Briggs.

"What a temper!" he exclaimed. "And now you won't be able to use it. My, oh my! Tat, and two more tuts!"

Then he played his trump ace. "Mr. Anderson," he said, "there's room for just one more in my plane. You can ride back with me. It'll take an hour or two. We can relay your report from there."

"Oh, thank you!" Anderson said, gratefully.

Brown turned to Briggs.

"Well, son," he said, "you ought to be glad."

Briggs glared after him, inarticulate with rage.

(To Be Continued)

Briggs gasped again.

"Well, I'll be doggone!" he exclaimed.

Brown sent his story while Briggs stormed, caajoed, threatened. The New York offices of the United Press got the flash, relaying it to newspapers in Chicago, Los Angeles, London, Cairo, Hong Kong and hundreds of other cities throughout the world. Brown then decided to add insult to injury by dictating to the pilot: "The Naval files were none the worse for their adventure but their passenger, William S. Briggs, newspaperman, seemed to be under great mental stress. In fact, he showed signs of going nuts—I mean insane. Briggs, before his collapse, will be remembered as the pilot. 'Here follows Lieutenant-Commander Anderson's official report of the disaster—'

Briggs, at last goaded beyond reason, jumped forward.

"So you think you're going to work in the official story?"

Brown warned him back. He said, easily: "Skip it, Briggs. We'll get around to you."

Briggs blew up.

"I've taken a long time to get to you."

He tipped over a chair, lunged at the radio transmitter, grabbed a handful of wires and jerked them out of the set. The pilot and two officers grabbed him, but too late. The damage had been done.

Brown rose, smiled, shook his finger at Briggs.

"What a temper!" he exclaimed. "And now you won't be able to use it. My, oh my! Tat, and two more tuts!"

Then he played his trump ace. "Mr. Anderson," he said, "there's room for just one more in my plane. You can ride back with me. It'll take an hour or two. We can relay your report from there."

"Oh, thank you!" Anderson said, gratefully.

Brown turned to Briggs.